

Raye, 070 Shake - [Escapism](#). (My 21st Century Blues ([2023](#)))

Key: Em [Tempo: 96 bpm]

Em

Sleazin' and teasin', I'm sittin' on him
All of my diamonds are drippin' on him
I met him at the bar, it was 12 or somethin'
I ordered two more wines, 'cause tonight, I want him

[Em, Em | D, D | Am, Am | Em, Bm] (repeat Chords for song)

A little context if you care to listen
I find myself in a stuck position
The man that I love sat me down last night
And he told me that it's over, dumb decision
And I don't wanna feel how my heart is rippin'
In fact, I don't wanna feel, so I stick to sippin'
And I'm out on the town with a simple mission
In my little black dress, and this shit is sittin'

Just a heart broke b, high heels, six inch
In the back of the nightclub, sippin' champagne
I don't trust any of these bitches I'm with
In the back of the taxi, sniffin' cocaine
Drunk calls, drunk texts, drunk tears, drunk sex
I was lookin' for a man who was on the same page
Now it's back to the intro, back to the bar
To the Bentley, to the hotel, to my old ways***

**'Cause I don't wanna feel how I did last night
I don't wanna feel how I did last night
Doctor, doctor, anything, please
Doctor, doctor, have mercy on me, take this pain away
You're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I don't wanna feel**

Take this joint how I'm blowin' this steam
Back to my ways like 2019

Not 24 hours since my ex did dead it
I got a new man on me, it's about to get sweaty

Last night really was the cherry on the cake
Been some dark days lately and I'm finding it crippling
Excuse my state, I'm as high as your hopes
That you'll make it to my bed, get me hot and sizzling
If I take a step back to see the glass half full
At least it's the Prada two-piece that I'm trippin' in
And I'm already actin' like a d', know what I mean?
So you might as well stick it in

[pre-CHORUS]

[CHORUS]

'Cause I don't wanna feel like I felt last night (x2)
Be at peace with the things you can't change (last night)
I'll be naked when I leave and I was naked when I came, yeah
Out of reach, out of touch, too numb, I don't feel no way
Toast up, so what? Street small, but it go both ways
So you'll run, yeah, but you'll never escape
Sunset in the maze (you're asking me my symptoms, doctor, I
don't wanna feel)

[CHORUS]

I don't wanna feel how I did last night (x3)
Mm, lipstick smudged like modern art
I don't know where the f' I am or who's drivin' the f'n' car
Speedin' down the highway, sippin'
Mixin' pills with the liquor 'cah fuck these feelings
I left everyone I love on read (uh-huh)
Spilling secrets to the stranger in my bed (uh-huh)
I remember nothing, so there's nothing to regret (uh-huh)
Other than this 4-4 kick drum poundin' in my head